

I saw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mar. About an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes so late?
Mar. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, else had I fir
Halfe an houre since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time seene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.
Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're thunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?
Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we haue at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guesse *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailles wherein we haue fought,
By th' Blood we haue shed together,
By th' Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Aufidius*, and his *Antients*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were sinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you see me lineat'd, if any feare
Lessen his person, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him alone: Or so many so minded,
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*They all shout and waue their swords, take him up in their
Armes, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure Volces? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Aufidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd:) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt

*Titus Lartius, hauing set a guard vpon Corioles, going with
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Mar-
tius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
Scout.*

Lar. So let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties.
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lien. Feare not our care Sir.
Lar. Hence, and shut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th' Roman Campe conduct vs, *Exit*
Alarm, as in Battail.

Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doores.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Aufid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Here they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde
of Aufidius. Martius fights til they be driuen in breackles.*
Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish.

*Flourish. Alarm. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at
one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At
another Doore Martius, with his
Arme in a Scarfe.*

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou'st not beleue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles,
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I'th' end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors,
Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath such a Souldier.
Yet can'st thou to a Morfell of this Feast,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When she do's prayse me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Country:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deseruing,
Rome must know the value of her owne:
Twere a Concealement worse then a Theft,
No lesse then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire, and top of prayes vouch'd,
Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In signe of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart
To heare themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not:
Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: of all the Horses,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all,
The Treasure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your onely choyle.

Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it,
And stand vpon my common part with those,
That haue beheld the doing.

*A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius,
cast up their Caps and Laurees: Cominius
and Lartius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane,
Neuer sound more: when Drums and Trumpets shall
I'th' field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of false-fac'd flouting:
When Steele growes soft, as the Parasites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foy
Which without note, here
You shoot me forth in acc
As if I lou'd my little shou
In prayes, sawe't with L

Com. Too modest are y
More cruell to your good
To vs, that giue you truly
If 'gainst your selfe you be
(Like one that meanes his
Then reason safely with y
As to vs, to all the World
Weares this Warres Garl
My Noble Steed, knowne
With all his trim belongi
For what he did before C
With all th' applause and

Marcus Cains (Coriolanus)
Flourish. Trumpets

Omnes. Marcus Cains
Martius. I will goe w
And when my Face is fair
Whether I blush, or no:
I meane to stride your Ste

To vnder-crest your good
To th' fairest of my po
Com. So, to our Tent
Where ere we doe repose
To Rome of our success
Must to *Corioles* backe, se
The best, with whom we
For their owne good, and

Lartius. I shall, my L
Martius. The Gods

I that now refus'd most
Am bound to begge of r
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours

Martius. I sometime
At a poore mans house: h
He cry'd to me: I saw h
But then *Aufidius* was v
And Wrath o're-whelm
To giue my poore Host

Com. Oh well begg
Were he the Butcher of
Be free, as is the Wind

Lartius. Martius, his
Martius. By *Iupiter*
I am wearie, yea, my me
Haue we no Wine here:

Com. Goe we to our
The bloud vpon your V
It should be lookt too:

A flourish. Cornes
bloudie, with

Aufid. The Towne is
Sould. 'Twill be deli
Aufid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman
Being a *Volce*, be that I
What good Condition
I'th' part that is at merc
I haue fought with thee
And would'st doe so, I